

HONEST FAILURES.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS ON FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.

It is more honorable for some men to fail than for others to succeed—Give no quarter to crime—Let prison doors open to the guilty.

In his evening sermon on Sept. 22 Rev. Madison C. Peters spoke on the rascality of failures. He said in part:

It has become a proverb, "He who never fails will never grow rich." It is but just to say that while there is much dishonest rascality in the majority of our failures, there is occasionally an instance of honest misfortune. In that great day when the books shall be opened it will be found that men have grievously erred in judging of the honesty of others. Many who have had the stigma of dishonesty fixed upon them were by misfortune disabled from paying their just debts and will stand acquitted by that Judge who knows all the facts.

It is more honorable for some men to fail than it is for others to succeed. This city is full of men who have found it easier to rob by bankruptcy than by burglary. Strange to say, a man will be treated in proportion as his fall was severe. Smash on a small scale, and the world will kick you. Smash on a grand scale, and the world will feel honored by being kicked by you. We have no respect for a failure that is not "Napoleonic." These men would rather be considered knaves than fools. We need a public opinion which will put stripes on defaulters. Once in awhile these high toned scoundrels are condemned, if the case was too notoriously flagrant, but the officers must take the fastest express train and hurry to Sing Sing in the briefest time, or the governor's pardon gets there before them. If the devil himself were sent to Sing Sing, I believe there would be found soft hearted women and softer headed men who would petition the governor for clemency. Make hard times for defaulters and dishonest bankrupts, and there will be no more for the people. We have been putting premiums on crime, crying virtually that it is a safe thing to be a big thief. It is a disgrace to our public authorities that men notorious for financial criminality walk the streets of our city unwhipped of justice, and with a proud, defiant look seem to say: "Well, I have got the money. What are you to do about it?" Do about it? I would brand upon their brows the unmistakable word "Scoundrel!" I would like all men to point at them the finger of scorn, crying with a loud voice, "Stop thief!" Let crime be given no quarter. Let the prison doors be opened to the guilty, no matter what family connections they may have. High social standing only aggravates their guilt.

There have been so many calls for a poem Rev. Madison C. Peters, D. D., quoted in a recent sermon to young men, preached in the Asbury Park auditorium, that we herewith produce it. The lines were written by a convict in the Illinois state prison:

It's curious, isn't it, Billy,
The changes that twelve months may bring?
Last year I was at Saratoga,
As happy and rich as a king.
I was taking in pools on the races,
And feeling the waters with "ten,"
And sipping mint juleps by twilight
And today I am here in the "pen."

What led me to do it? What always
Leads men to destruction and crime?
The prodigal son, whom you've read of,
Has altered somewhat in his time.
He spends his substance not frugally
As the Biblical fellow of old,
But when it is gone he fancies
The hanks will turn into gold.

The old, old story, Billy,
Of pleasures that end in tears,
The froth that foams for an hour,
The dream that fades like a tear,
Last night as I sat here and pondered
On the end of my evil ways
There arose, like a phantom before me,
The visions of boyhood days.

I thought of my old home, Billy,
Of the schoolhouse that stood on the hill,
Of the brook that flowed through the meadow
I can see hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,
Of the mother who taught me to pray,
Whose love was a precious treasure
That I needlessly cast away.
I saw again in my vision
The fresh lipped, careless boy,
To whose future was boundless
And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,
Of my ruined and wasted life,
And the pang of remorse were bitter.
They pierced my heart like a knife.
It takes some courage, Billy,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the young ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

A Laxative Diet.
For a laxative diet Mrs. Rorer recommends, first of all, an abundant use of fat. If bread is used, it should be whole wheat bread, with a goodly quantity of butter. Masticate it thoroughly. At least once, and better twice a day, take lettuce or cress or tomatoes, with plenty of oil and very little acid, the acid used being lemon juice, and not vinegar. Eat also a little fat with meat and masticate thoroughly. Tea should not be used, and just before taking coffee drink at least half a glass of cold, not ice, water. Take a half pint of water the first thing in the morning and the same quantity before retiring. Do not eat sweets, but fruit may be taken, and a few nuts—peanuts, well roasted, in moderation, Brazil nuts, or about six almonds—at the close of the dinner. Avoid cake and pastry. Use an abundance of green vegetables, and have potatoes baked, never fried. Boiled rice is a good substitute. Do not drink milk at mealtime—preferably not at all while taking the diet. Steamed figs may be used at least once a day, and stewed cherries, prunes, ripe peaches or grapes without the seeds are all admissible.

At the Money Changer's.
Lieutenant—What! You demand 15 per cent interest for three months? Don't you blush to own the fact?
Banker—I charge money. Color—never!—Memorial d'Amiens.

A MODEL MARRIAGE.

THAT MEMORABLE BRIDAL SCENE AT CANA.

Rev. Madison C. Peters Thinks There Is Something Significant In the Fact That Christ Began His Miracles at a Wedding. Marry Only In the Lord.

From his summer retreat Rev. Madison C. Peters, D. D., sends the following article to his many readers:

This wedding, made forever the most memorable one in history by the presence and grace of Christ, was celebrated in the lovely little town of Cana, three miles northeast of Nazareth, "lying in the lap of the Galilean hills, like a bird in its nest." There is something significant in the fact that the Saviour began his miracles at a wedding rather than at a funeral—the grave of Lazarus or the gate of Nain. It was a practical proof of the asceticism that scorns the happiness of social and domestic affections and that would make of life a ghastly austerity, just as if men were heavenly because they were uncharitable.

No personal act more deeply involves happiness than marriage, yet the general conversation of this ordinance is lamentably below the high standard God has given to it. Marriage is the perfected life of love between two kindred spirits, and yet how often it is merely a society affair between two exquisite fools! Matrimony is made a matter of money, and how often the lips utter vows of love which the heart can never ratify! A marriage for anything but love is a humiliating stoop to the dust, a mockery that blushes to the skies. Love is founded upon esteem and is therefore under the control of reason.

Marry "only in the Lord, for how can two walk together except they be agreed?" If there is one place at which husband and wife should meet in the completest harmony, it is at the cross of Christ.

Together should their prayers ascend,
Together should they humbly bend
To praise the almighty name.

Those who are one in Christ fight double handed against evil. The child of God will bring a blessing to your house above earthly riches.

Make Christ one of your wedding guests. Never should the duty, with the prayer, "Commit thy way unto him, and he will direct thy paths," be more intensely realized than at the marriage altar. With your selected and future companion say to him, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." If earnestly solicited by you, Christ will now, as of old, by his presence beautify and bless your bridal hour, sanctify your joy and leave his benediction upon your hearts to perpetuate your love and fulfill all the happy prophecies of the bridal day. Without the presence of Christ to bless the marriage the congratulations and good wishes of friends will be only words, the flowers will wither and the music grow discordant.

Having entered upon your new home, get down upon your knees together and ask Christ to consecrate it. The faith of heart in heart will die without faith in Christ. Love purified by religion is the fragrant blossom that will gladden the heart and beautify the humblest home.

Home is not merely four square walls.
Though with pictures hung and gilded.
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with chrism the heart hath bidden.

This sanctified love instantly recalls the hasty word. It stands upon no dignity as to whose place it is to yield first to the other. It lets not the sun go down upon an angry thought or feeling between two hearts that have been made one. It transforms blemishes into imaginary virtues. As Shakespeare has it:

My love doth so approve him
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
Have grace and favor in them.

To make a home you must strengthen the bonds of affection. The gospel of Christ hallows the affections and sweetens the temper. Come, then, often to the throne of grace, and by prayer enliven your religious sensibilities, which is the very soul of conjugal love and maturer of those graces that belong to wedlock's string of pearls.

How fitting it was that he who came to restore lost paradise to men should give this significant approval of this sacred bond and make the Christian home the holiest instrument in the work of regenerating the human race. The Christian home is the master of life's busy school, the brightest radiance that cheers the darkness of man's earthly condition. It is the guiding star of his good destiny, and the richest earthly prize a man can win is a wife from the Lord.

Comstock Mines Timbering.

Probably nothing in the world can be said to exceed in structural wonder of its kind the labyrinthian system of sub-surface timbering peculiar to the Comstock mines, the sum of \$55,000,000 being considered a moderate estimate of the cost of the same from the opening of the mines to the present time. The size of the timbers varies from the huge pieces 16 inches square and 24 feet long to the smaller pieces 8 inches square used in cribbing. The species employed are chiefly yellow pine, fir and cedar, fully two-thirds of the whole amount being the first named—a favorite timber, in fact, with mine carpenters, on account of its exactitude in joining. Cedar of course is inferior to no known timber, not even excepting redwood, for its lasting qualities underground, but it is said that yellow pine has been taken from the lower levels of these mines so compacted by the enormous pressure it has withstood as to have a density and weight exceeding those of lignum vitae. None of the timbers in the Comstock mines has yet badly decayed, and their life there cannot be accurately determined, but the heat and vapors of the mines encharged with mineral atoms appear to have a decidedly preservative effect upon the timbers.—New York Sun.

EXCISE QUESTION.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS' VIEWS ON SUNDAY LAWS.

Local Option, He Thinks, Would Solve the Problem—Christians to a Man Will Fight the Rum Power—The Party That Favors Sunday Opening Will Commit Suicide.

Sunday, Sept. 15, found Madison C. Peters in his New York pulpit. The Sunday excise question has been the all absorbing theme. This is what Dr. Peters had to say, among other things:

I believe local option is the solution of this Sunday excise matter. But let us have local option by wards, not as a whole city. The voters of the slum districts who would vote unanimously for Sunday opening are poor specimens to determine a question of home rule.

If a man sells liquor on Sundays clandestinely and feels that the judgment of the law condemns him, a high moral end is gained. To legalize Sunday liquor selling would make it respectable. The saloon stands today an acknowledged law defying, disorder producing, crime breeding power, and there are thousands of good citizens who are not temperance men who will not allow the saloons further freedom, and the Christian people will to a man desperately resist Sunday saloons, and if we are whipped we will continue the fight with all our might, day and night, and arouse a public sentiment that will slay and bury the liquor traffic with its face downward, as the Welshwoman proposed to bury the devil, so that, if it should chance to come to life again and try to scratch its way out, it would only bury itself the deeper.

The party that will dare to surrender our Sabbath to America's political dictator, the saloon, will commit political suicide at the next election.

This war upon our Sabbath is a foreign war. If foreigners will not assimilate with us as American citizens, if they do not admire our Sabbath and Christian institutions, if they want social incendiarism and sabbatic disorder—a go as you please Sabbath—they are welcome to enjoy it by recrossing the Atlantic! But if they stay here we demand the enforcement of that central truth of statecraft—the liberty of the individual subject to the sovereignty of the state—the subordination of individual rights and privileges to the general good. These are integral elements in a stable national life.

Bartholdi's statue of Liberty on Bedloe's island, holding in her right hand a torch, should hold in her left hand a volume containing the laws and customs of the land, and before the right hand be extended in welcome require, upon bended knee, the left hand to be kissed as a token of submission to our laws, customs and institutions.

It is a war upon our political institutions. In countries where the Sabbath is most profaned, like Spain, France, Italy, Bavaria, society is grossly immoral. In Sabbath observing England, Scotland and America society is found in its highest moral tone. Pick out the hamlets or cities, or wards of cities, where are the lowest moral conditions, and there, just in proportion, is the Sabbath desecrated. An eminent judge of the United States supreme court forcibly said, "Where there is no Christian Sabbath there is no Christian morality, and without this free government cannot be maintained." Blackstone says, "The Sabbath is of admirable service to the state, considered merely as a civil institution."

Some years ago De Tocqueville, the distinguished French statesman, was commissioned by his country for the purpose of studying the genius of our institutions. In reporting to the French senate he said: "I went at your bidding and passed along their thoroughfares of trade. I ascended their mountains and went down their valleys. I visited their manufactories, their commercial markets and emporiums of trade. I entered their judicial courts and legislative halls. But I sought everywhere in vain for their secrets of success until I entered the church. It was there, as I listened to the soul equalizing and soul elevating principles of the gospel of Christ as they fell from Sabbath to Sabbath upon the masses of the people, that I learned why America was great and free, and why France was a slave."

In the dark days of the French revolution, "the shabbiest page of human annals," as Carlyle calls it, the Sabbath was trampled in the dust, and a tenth day of rest was substituted without divine sanction, and so frightful did society become that the infidel authorities had to institute the divine Sabbath and public work to save the metropolis and the kingdom from utter desolation.

France is yet reaping the sad fruitage of her folly, and she will never have a permanent republic until she quits her roasting, roistering and rollicking Sabbaths and devotes one day in every week to the recognition of God. I believe that the security or disaster of American institutions depends upon the issue of the Sabbath contest.

The end of the Sabbath would be for the United States the beginning of the reign of Mammon, Bacchus and Venus, and finally overwhelm us in temporal and eternal ruin. From such a fate may the God of Lexington and Gettysburg deliver us!

A Swarm of Locusts.

The greatest swarm of locusts (grasshoppers) ever known invaded Cape Colony in 1797. They were driven out to sea by a strong wind, and then the waves beat them back on shore, the bank of insects thus formed being from 3 to 6 feet in depth and 50 miles in length.—St. Louis Republic.

Brave.

She—Oh, I love to hear you read your poems. It makes me realize how brave you are.

The Poet—Brave?

She—Yes, brave. You said you took them yourself to the publishers.—New York Ledger.

THE SINNER'S HOPE.

ITS FOUNDATION IS LAID IN THE WORK OF CHRIST.

Rev. Madison C. Peters Says We Are Not Simply to Profess Christianity, We Must Possess It—Open Your Ears to Woe Worn Humanity.

Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.—Romans viii, 9.

The work of Christ is the foundation of a sinner's hope. Christ must be known as Saviour before he can be studied as exemplar. But we are not simply to profess Christianity, we must possess it. Conduct is the best profession. Creeds and churches are not Christianity. Christ is Christianity, and he is a Christian who has the spirit of Christ.

Christ's was a humble spirit. Humility followed him from his birth in the manger to his borrowed grave. We have just as much of Christianity as we have humility.

The lesson of Christ's humility is that we should be willing to take the humblest place to serve others. We need the John the Baptist spirit, not envious of the success of another, saying with our eye on the Lord, "He must increase, but I must decrease." A Christian minister said, "I was never of any use until I found out that God did not make me for a great man." High trees are commonly fruitless, and what grows on them hangs high above our reach.

Christ's was a compassionate spirit. "I have compassion on the multitude." For the unfortunate leper he had a friendly look, a kindly word and a deed of tenderness. "Being moved with compassion he put forth his hand and touched him." Meeting the blind beggar on the Jericho highway, "Jesus stood, and had compassion on him and touched his eyes." When the Lord saw the widow's tears at the gate of Nain, bemoaning the loss of an only son, he had compassion on her and said, "Weep not!" Do the compassionate words and loving deeds of a tender Saviour find a transcript in our lives?

Are your ears open to the cries of woe worn humanity? You pity the sorrows of the suffering. That is not enough. Your hand must be taught to heed the pleadings of your pitying heart. What you feel you must do. What you wish you must make an earnest effort to accomplish. What you pray for you must try to attain. We do most for ourselves when we do most for others.

The goods that God has given you are to be laid out for the good of others—sacred trusts not to be greedily hoarded, lavishly squandered, or selfishly to be enjoyed, but generously to be employed for the glory of God. The most benevolent soul lives nearest to God. To be good is noble. To do good is nobler. The paramount aim of religion is not to prepare for heaven, but to make this world better, wiser, happier and holier. Heaven will not be a place of white robes and golden harps and psalm singing only, but it will also be a place for living, loving and doing. Be not simply good, be good for something. This will make your life comfortable, your death happy, your funeral sad, your account glorious and your eternity blessed.

Christ's was an unselfish spirit. "He pleased not himself." His entire life was a beautiful embodiment of that "love which seeketh not her own." Are you dying daily unto self as unto sin? If you should die today, could men, women and children look upon your quiet face, lay snow white flowers against your hair, smooth it down with tender tenderness and fold your hands with lingering caress? Could friends call to mind with loving thought some gentle word the frozen lips had said or some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought? Would you be mourned? A dry eyed funeral is a sad sight!

Christ's was a forgiving spirit. Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." With sublime sweetness of soul, while treading the wine press alone, the divine Saviour gathered his expiring breath to plead for his foes. What a chapter of forgiveness he twined together in the hours of his darkness and agony and left behind as a legacy of loving patience to blush and breathe upon our unforgiving spirits and unrelenting words! Can you, as a Christian, on account of some petty grievance unworthy of a calm thought, indulge the look of cold estrangement? "If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." "Revenge is sweet" only to a little, weak and narrow mind.

Christ's was the spirit of holy zeal. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." What a power Christians would be in the world if each one could honestly say with Brainerd, "Oh, that I were a flaming fire in the hands of my God!" We need at this time what the Chinese convert told the missionary his people wanted, "Men with hot hearts to tell us of the love of Christ." Do you find in this world lukewarmness in any one department of real life? Do you find anything like apathy where men believe their interests or safety are involved?

It is only skepticism that suffers enthusiasm in the things of Caesar and will not endure enthusiasm in the more important things of God. We profess to believe that the world of sinners outside of Christ will be eternally lost unless turned from their evil ways, and yet we so live by our indifference as to give the lie to such profession or else stamp ourselves without the commonest feeling of humanity. It is impossible to believe the truths of the gospel and yet be apathetic. I do not believe in religious excitement, but I do believe in excitement in religion.

The whitest robes in heaven will be found on those that have been baptized with suffering and bathed in tears. "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came up out of the great tribulation."

The path of sorrow, and that path alone. Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown. No traveler ever reached that blest abode Who found not sinners and tears on his road.

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